On them first fallen, and stung
them forth wild-eyed
From empty chambers ; the bare
mountain side
Is made their home, and all their
hearts are flame.
Yea, I have bound upon the necks
of them
The harness of my rites. And
with them all
The seed of womankind from hut
and hall
Of Thebes, hath this my magic
goaded out.
And there, with the old King's
daughters, in a rout
Confused, they make their
dwelling-place between
The roofless rocks and shadowy
pine trees green.
Thus shall this Thebes, how sore
soe'er it smart,
Learn and forget not, till she crave
her part
In mine adoring ; thus must I speak
clear
To save my mother's fame, and
crown IDC here
As true God, born by SemeltS to
Zeus,

Now Cadmus yieldeth up his
throne and use
Of royal honour to his daughter's
son
Pentheus; who on my body hath
begun
A war with God. He thrusteth
me away
From due drink-offering, and, when
men pray,
My name entreats not. Therefore
on hi-.> own
Head and his people's shall my
power he shown.
Then to another land, when all
things here
Are well, must I fare onward,
making clear
My godhead's might. But should
this Thekm town
Essay with wrath and battle to
drag down
My maids, lo, in their path myself
shall be.
And maniac armies battled after me
!
For this I veil my godhead with the
wan

Form of the things that die, and walk as Mar*.

O Brood of Tmolus o'er the wide world
O Lydian band, my chosen and mint own,